

Obeyo

Nº 2

POETRY
AND
ACTION

SPECIAL FULL-COLOUR, GLOSSY SPECIAL!



ALAN
MOORE.

EMBRYO.....NOW.....IT...CAN...BE....TOLD.....

Welcome to the second issue of 'Embryo', the magazine that eats people. Thanks must go to all of you who bought the first issue, thus making it possible to produce a second, and also to the many people who helped or tried to help in its' production. The response has been pretty amazing, the sales of the first issue, I hope, warranting the increase in publication for this one. Thanks also to all those who contributed in any way to the actual literary content of this issue. The only standard we try to maintain in 'Embryo' is one of quality, irrespective of form or subject matter, the quality being judged by a panel of the staff, rather than by one individual member.

Also, in passing, a few words about some people's objections to the use of certain streetwords in certain poems. (It's a pity that all the "NAUGHTY" poems were by the same naughty author.) All, except in one case, ("Motherfuckers", in 'When they see us coming', which was used partly to complete the poem's contrasts, & partly because the word's meaning(s) were used in context with the rest of the poem) were used, not to shock anyone, not to give anyone a cheap thrill, not deliberately, but simply because they were written down as part of the poem, as the poem was formulated, i.e. they were in perfect context.

THE REAL OBSCENITY GOES ON ALL AROUND US, UNDER MANY DIFFERENT NAMES.

(nice rhetoric, man, nice...)

Those of you out there who are ardently following the 'Embryo' success story might be interested to know that the Northampton Arts Lab. and the 'Embryo' poets are collaborating in a poetry reading at the Racehorse Inn on Wednesday, 16th December, at 8:00 p.m., admission 2/-. Anybody interested is welcome to come along and see their favourite far-sighted visionaries in action. Anybody not interested can stay at home and watch Coronation St., discovering the sordid truth about the relationship between Emily Nugent's performing water buffalo and Minnie Caldwell's pet tsetse fly. It promises to be a thrilling week.

Those of you who like 'Embryo' will probably like the Arts Lab magazine, 'ROVEL'. On the other hand, those of you who don't like 'Embryo' will more than likely like or prefer 'ROVEL' anyway, so that gives nobody any excuse for not buying it, you could even buy it for the exclusive John Peel interview....

We've had to raise the price of this issue by threepence to cover printing costs, due to the number of extra copies and pages. The rise in price is to endure for this issue ONLY. Both price and size will be back to subnormal by next issue, which should be out around February sometime....

A Merry Christmas (with lots of stuffing) to all our readers.....

alan moore

(Editor)

Any enquiries & contributions
to:

17, St Andrews' Rd.,
Northampton.

AND

Printer, Handle-turner, and
Village Idiot,

Andy Waters.

THANKS ONCE AGAIN TO MESSRS. PHELAN & AGUTTER, FOR THE USE OF THEIR
PREMISES.

"NICE SUNSET, ISN'T IT GEORGE?", OR: "WHO WAS THAT MUTANT EYESORE
YOU WITH LAST NIGHT?"

When the geiger counter comes click-click-clicking along, along,
There'll be lots of panic when he starts clicking his song, his song,
Get up, get up, get outa bed,
Stay there, and you'll start turning red,
Better start making tracks for the nearest fall-out shelter.....

Andy Cooper 10/11/70

Well the grand old Duke of York, Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious
Had about ten million men Look at all this mess up here,
He sent them into Vietnam isn't it atrocious,
Wouldn't let them out again. Careful dear, I think that plant
When they got shot up is getting quite ferocious,
They were up Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious
When they got shot down
They were shot down
If you land on your head in a
Puddle of blood
It's a disgusting way to drown

Alan Moore

Urea,
I just met a freak called Urea,
With 37 toes and a phosphorescent
nose,
Urea.....

Andy Cooper 10/11/70

I'm dreaming of a green Christmas,
One with a post-atomic glow
May your head not fall off tonight,
And may your cobalt knees keep glowing bright.

Andy Cooper 10/11/70

Painful Smiles

The world shook,
I made it shake
With my tremblings
The people moved,
I made them move
With my despair

Shades of sunshine show my sorrow
To the drops of happy rain
In a mase of mixed emotions
Love, laughter, sorrow, pain,
Pain, sorrow

Tears

The place sank,
I made it sink
With my gloom

Crying
Why do I cry? Why do I cry?
Show me a smile!

The eyes cried,
I made them cry
With my feelings.

Jon Scholey.

Negan Malone.

THE DANCE OF THE SEVEN VEILS.

Cross the steps she flits alone
her legs they look like jelly.
Not surprising really though,
those veils are rather heavy.

Number one's already gone
it fell in gummy mist.
Number two's well on the way,
clenched tight in her fair fist.

Now the breathing's getting fast
and things are getting heady.
now number three's the next to go,
quick, hold young Alan steady!

The ladies swoon in fake dismay
they hold their hankies to their eyes.
Number four has gone at last,
together with a load of ties.

Not to mention other things
that rhyme there just as well.
But number five is hanging loose.
It's on its way to hell.

The sweat is running off their bodies.
They can't hold on much longer.
Number six caught on a nail
a shame it wasn't stronger!

Well now, this girl's no fairy,
She's quite a lot to hide,
And number seven might be last
but even that's not tied.

At last all is revealed,
the sight is really shocking.
From head to toe she stands there clothed
tight in a rubber stocking!

DENISE TRELIVING.

(DEDICATED TO MEGANNA !)

YELLOW FIELD REMEMBRANCE...

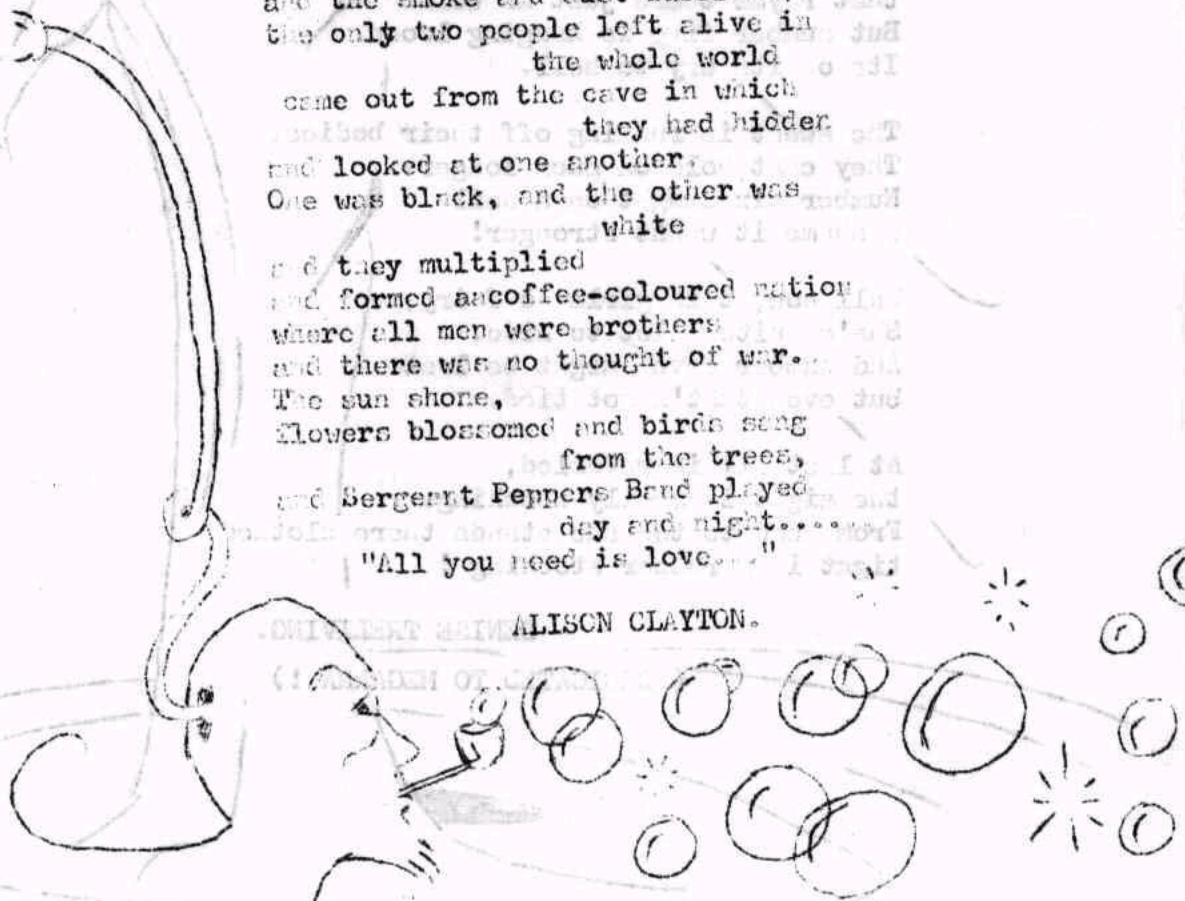
Now that the colder days are upon us,
Remember the summer days and the sun,
And how the whole world glistened and shone
Under its brilliant golden light,
Remember the flowers in a rainbow of brilliant colours,
And the thousands of insects in the garden
Flying to those nectar-filled retreats.
Remember how the air was filled with their humming,
And the busy sounds of the harvester pushing its dusty way
Through the yellow field down in the misty valley.
Remember how you walked barefoot over the sharp stones
And how the dogs flopped down panting by the straw bales,
Tails wagging, tongues lolling, and minds full of sun.
Remember the cool of the summer evenings,
When coats and boots were unnecessary and unthought of
And the blazing sun gave way to the moon in a red-streaked sky.
But now the colder days are upon us.....

MEGAN MALONE

AFTER THEY DROPPED THE FINAL BOMB..

When the noise died down
And the smoke and dust subsided,
The only two people left alive in
the whole world
came out from the cave in which
they had hidden
and looked at one another.
One was black, and the other was
white
and they multiplied
and formed a coffee-coloured nation
where all men were brothers
and there was no thought of war.
The sun shone,
Flowers blossomed and birds sang
from the trees,
and Sergeant Peppers Band played
day and night.....
"All you need is love..."

ALISON CLAYTON.



PARANOPOLIS.

Clawnails raking over eardrumhum

Fearlined, I am

surfacing through the anaesthetic hazemaze into the midnightmare-blue
and arc-whitelight.

Grotesque paranoia-parody

Trafficop grin like demented brainpain surgeon

BabelGod stiltowing in distortion a billion maniac miles above the road.

Electricrackling whip, cruel and phosphorstreaking in silhouette,

Through the screaming neonlight.

THE AUTOMOBILES HELLHOWL WITH ROADBLOODLUST, SCREECHING INTO

MANIAC WHITELINEATING MOTORMATTERWAY.

Night fire, alive with bleached shadows.

The paranopoliskyline broken glass raggedjagged bloodletter.

Tubestraintrain echoes past subwayghosts unheeding

Into shadow glass darkly, hothouse babies steam in a vultureculture.

In mindpain crucifixionagony cityscreamsin a voice as loud as sin.

Man, god hears but hes not your god

Just look down as citybuilding star lights

go out.

Alan Moore.

I woke up this morning,
And looked at the World,
Saw it ever changing,
One mans hope unfurled.

The mountains will all die,
And the animals perish,
I think I'll blow my mind,
All for one mans relish.

The factories that pollute,
The rivers, and the streams,
Can on one thing be blamed,
And that is one mans dreams.

They now make plastics,
That last for a thousand years,
I think this world will give in,
And these are one mans fears.

Pete Wright.

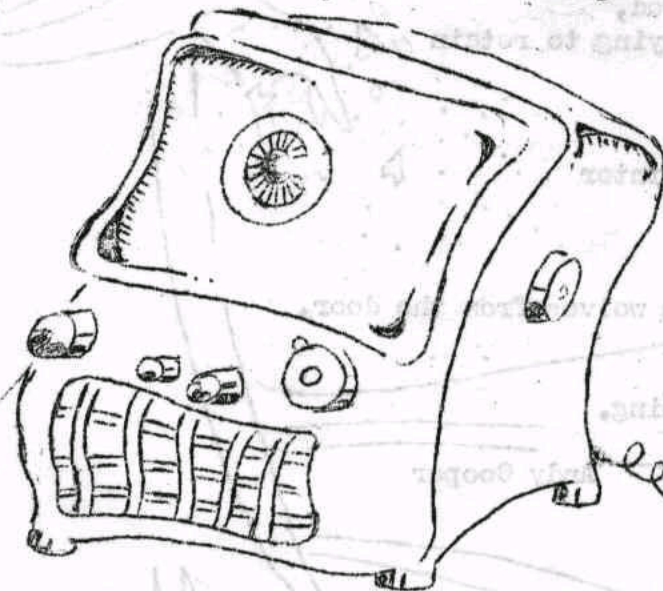
A Shady Problem

My skin is black, your skin is white,
I don't want to have to fight
For everything that is my right.

My heart is pure, your heart is rot,
I work hard for what I've got
But even that is not a lot.

My clothes are torn, your clothes are new
The ones I've got are very few,
A compromise....Let's all turn blue!!

Magan Malone.




Chris M.

WINDY DAY IN AUTUMN

A) OCTOBER WINDSCAPE

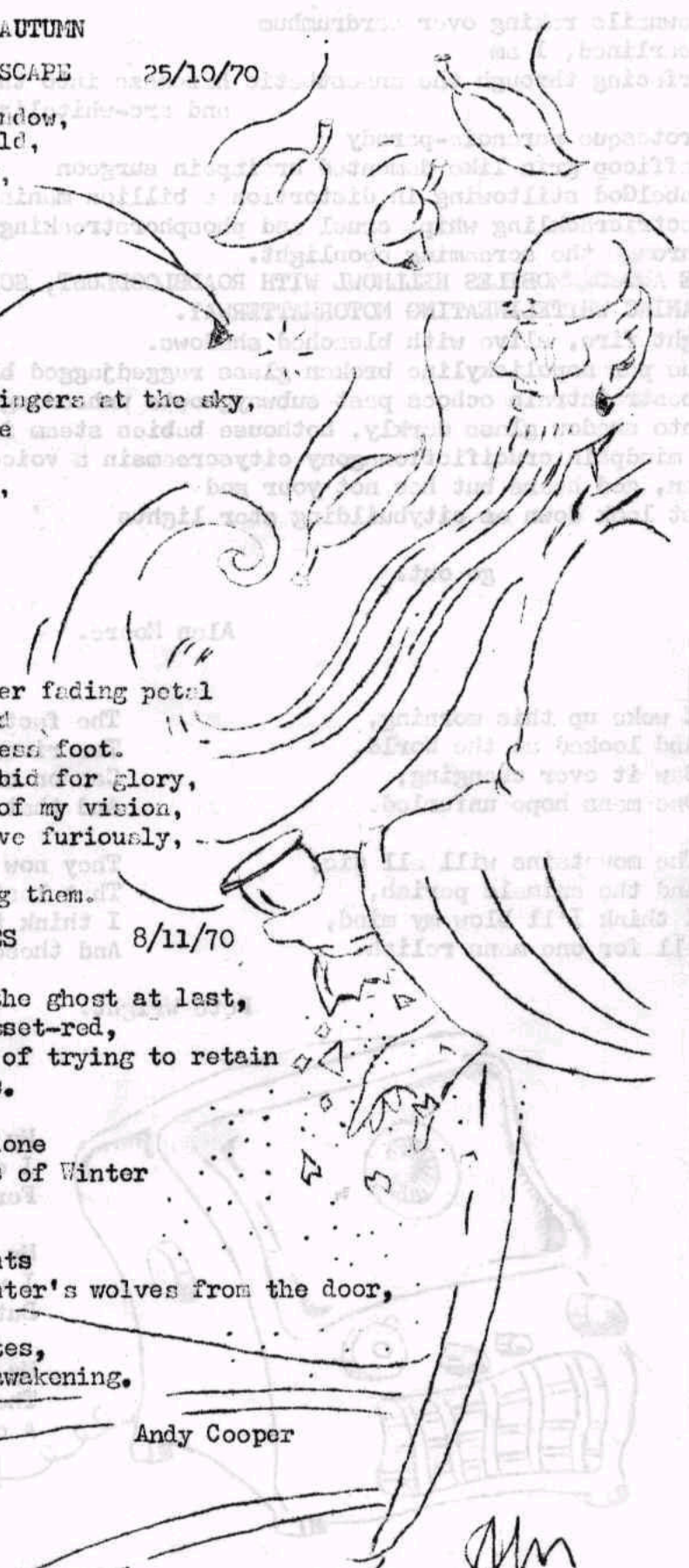
25/10/70



Gazing from my bedroom window,
Out upon a drab grey world,
Grey concrete hiding away,
Trying to surround itself
In a sullen background
Moody red brick, resentful
Of its' own colour,
Wishing it were grey.
Nature fighting back
With Autumn trees waving
Their mellowing golden fingers at the sky,
The wind creating defiance
In their motion.
Grey clouds scudding past,
Like used detergent
On a grimy river.
Withering rose bushes
Swaying precariously,
Fighting desperately
To retain their identity,
But, sure enough, petal after fading petal
Is blown away, to be crushed
Under some passing, heedless foot.
Dead leaves make a final bid for glory,
Swooping across the line of my vision,
And the trees sway and wave furiously,
Demanding recognition,
In a world that is choking them.

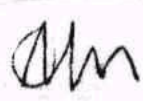
B) NOVEMBER TREES

8/11/70



The trees have given up the ghost at last,
Their faces have gone russet-red,
Suffused with the effort of trying to retain
Summer's forgotten dreams.
And the faces fall,
But the trees stand on, alone
Unmoved by the icy hordes of Winter
That gather around them;
And they wait patiently,
For Spring's reinforcements
Then, they will banish Winter's wolves from the door,
And explode greenly,
Blossoming 21-petal salutes,
Celebrating Summer's re-awakening.

Andy Cooper



Song for Anne
.....

Come to me, my baby,
Come to me, tonight,
Come to me, my lady,
Everything will be alright.

Sing to me, my lady,
By the silver moonlight,
I love you, my baby,
Come and hold me tight.

The trees hold hands
And the night is our friend,
As we dance along the sands
Unto the foamy waters end.

The magic moon smiles mockly,
The starry heaven sighs,
The mighty sea sings softly,
And love burns in your eyes.

(repeat verses 1 and 2)

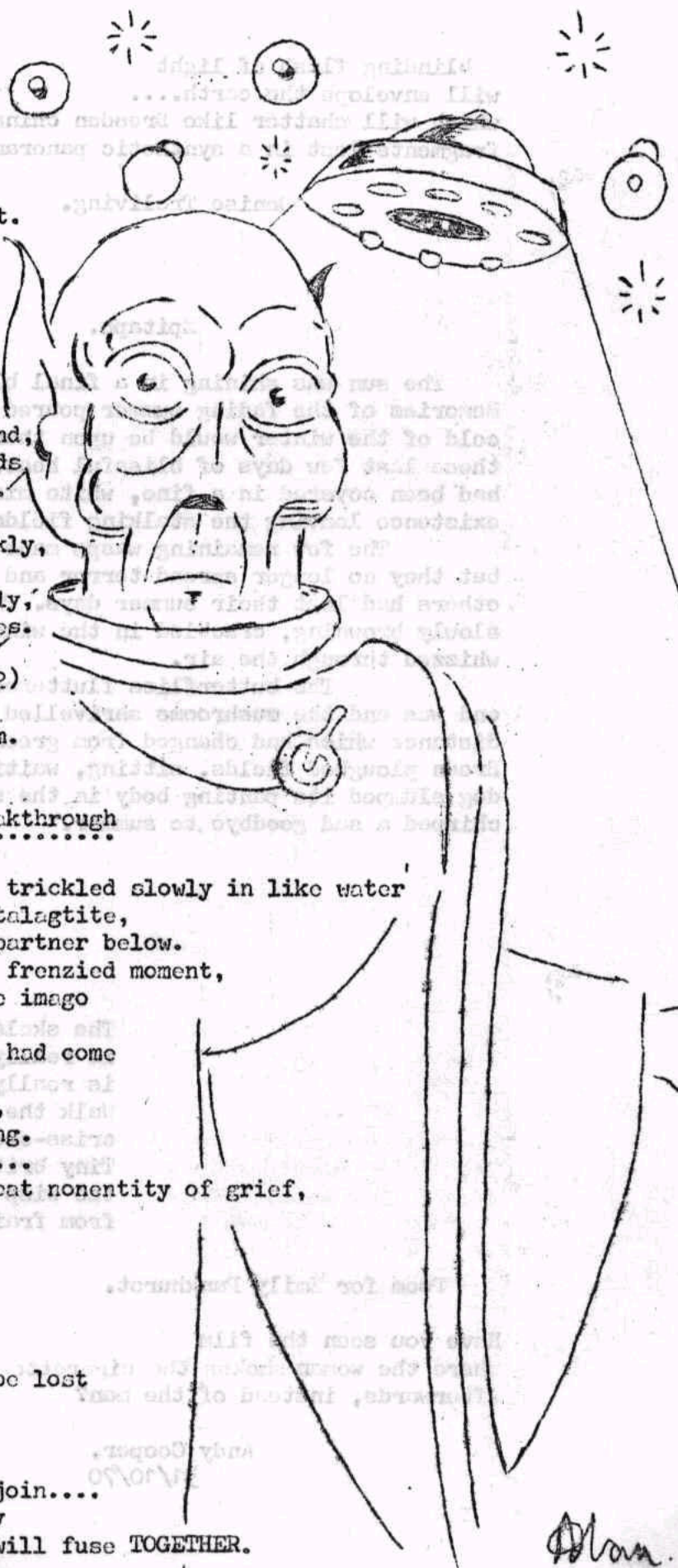
Mick Bloxham.

Andromeda's Breakthrough
.....

Andromeda's breakthrough trickled slowly in like water
running silently down a stalagmite,
falling onto its waiting partner below.
Sound escaping only for a frenzied moment,
then hardening into a mute image
young, yet lifeless,
not sure whether its time had come
would it be too soon,
things would not be ready,
things would not be waiting.
Imagine breaking through....
only to perish in that great nonentity of grief,
a premature burial,
More Haste, Less Speed,
More Speed
we must have MORE SPEED!

To wait is essential
the need is too great to be lost
in false idioms.

In time it will come
in consequence they will join....
their brotherhood to unity
at last these fine wires will fuse TOGETHER.



Alan.

A blinding flash of light
will envelope the earth....
which will shatter like Dresden china
fragments lost in a synthetic panorama.

Denise Treliving.

Epitaph.

The sun was shining in a final blaze of glory one warm September day. Memories of the fading summer poured into peoples' minds. Soon the brittle cold of the winter would be upon them and they had to make the most of these last few days of blissful heat. That morning the stubble fields had been covered in a fine, white mist which had slowly faded out of existence leaving the stalking fields unprotected from the burning heat.

The few remaining wasps made a pathetic effort to rouse themselves, but they no longer spread terror and fear, they had lost their power as others had lost their summer days. The leaves once fresh and green, now slowly browning, crackled in the wind, and the last of the tennis balls whizzed through the air.

The butterflies fluttered by, without realising how near the end was and the mushrooms shrivelled in the heat. The fields out in the distance which had changed from green to yellow had now become brown. Brown ploughed fields, sitting, waiting for the cycle to begin again. The dog slumped its panting body in the shade and the birds in the trees chirped a sad goodbye to summer.

Megan Malone.

The skeleton of a bat
is really the skeleton of an insect's wing
is really the skeleton of you.
Walk the delicate structure of hair
criss-cross routes like a fragmented shell.
Tiny brittle wind can shatter
the wisp wires so slender
from frail and weak length to length.

Poem for Emily Pankhurst.

Gerald Claridge.

Have you seen the film
Where the woman smokes the cigarette
Afterwards, instead of the man?

Andy Cooper.

31/10/70

The Brain of Night.

I left my planet in the brain of night.
A metal womb of silver blood
Steel bones of light..
On circuit-wings out past the gleam of Mars
Towards the sun on plastic threads
With satin stars...

I left my world in shadow's hollow mind.
My globe of nuclear fire
My braille-screen blind..
On circuit-wings out past the gleam of Mars
Chase God between the netulae,
Galactic bars... //

I left the Earth, lost in the dreams of dark
Aquariums of cosmic smiles
My metal shark..
On circuit-wings out past the gleam of Mars
In free-fall crucified
With satin stars ...

alan moore.

H E L P .

One lone star wandered across the sky
Bleak, black and eternal.
It shone down on a kid
jacking himself.
What did he care now
for freedom and open spaces?
-----plenty.
Time was, when he was as unattached
as that star,
but not now,
nor ever again.

The star moved on
unnoticed.

Megan Malone



ALAN
MOORE-

NEUT
Emmanuel's nephew finds and then loses the Girl Of His Dreams.

A girl
uncertain of her virginity
he
uncertain of himself

A smile
fondling her thoughts
as he
gazes
at her tight
white socks
clinging maternally to
those never been touched
never had such loving
innocent legs

She can only be thirteen....

Her reply
lost in the traffic
they passed by
She certain of being late for school
He uncertain of it all.

Pete Billingham.

Purple

only slightly at first
like a faint mist

here and there

Looking at patterns in
red perspex

We gaze up into the churning sky
and notice the birds

their clockwork silhouetted forms
like giant bats

high in the evening air

Then by a shop

the fourth dimension

discovered

objects

blending surging

colours

changing merging

A green hand observes

a Transit full

of nuns

before we're led off

like lambs to the slaughter
into the saloon

Polythene buildings ripple



in the wind

Tiny Ward



Summers long gone or Summers yet to come

Green daisies covering windswept
cliffs drowned in memories
of summers long gone.
Unceasing movement through
dales of seagulls.
Waves of daisies crash, sweeping
starfish over beaches of translucent
females.
Cosmic grasses trace intergalactic
seascapes in Orion.
Nights hot under crumpled
sheets of cloud.
Not an empty sleeping bag
on the Earth.

The swimming pools of my mind
remember you,
cliffs, steps, pebbles,
seaweed-cracked sea, dark, pitch.
The most beautiful laughter ever
mingles with the brown seaweed,
escapes, and is lost for ever more,
only I remember.
I love you Penny Dawson, in
your never to be seen cat-suit.

Besides a sea of grass and fresh
I walk alone
and lonely.

Michael Anderson.

Am I a prodigy?

My thoughts

run in illogical patterns
sometimes linked
more often not.

How is it
there are never any answers
to my wonderings?

That feline creature
like there
wondering if the curl of smoke
that rises over his head
belongs to that billowing mass
in the grate.

smarting

Fever

of a tireless mind:

Can thoughts think

Why

Still

How do they know?

The old

2. C. VOLVER

Why

Denise Treliving.

Demaguel's hero as compromises : bou

Now

I have realised

Decision.

A boy walked out i to the road

He could have taken it home.

Megan Malone

Pete Billington

You make me feel like rubber underwear,
Baby,
You make me feel like swept back hair,
Baby,
You make me feel like a run-down tramcar,
You make me feel like a middle-aged filmstar,
You make me feel like a sexually-assaulted grandma,
Baby.

You make me feel like Cinderella,
Baby,
You make me feel like a pornography seller,
Baby,
You make me feel like the Flames of Hell,
You make me feel like a prison cell,
You make me feel like Eskimo Nell,
Baby.

You make me feel like the death is near,
Baby,
You make me feel like a jilted queer,
Baby,
You make me feel like dirty socks,
You make me feel like a hunted fox,
You make me feel like a teenage girl with the pox,
Baby.

You make me feel like Ian Fleming,
Baby,
You make me feel like a drowning lemming,
Baby,
You make me feel like the Dolphin Bar,
You make me feel like a pool of tar,
You make me feel like something's just crawled up from afar,
Baby.

(trad.)

THE SPIRES OF ISHON

Lifeless by the shores of a clutching sea
Where unwind the lime green tendrils of the darkling moonstalking...
There the spires of Ishon await the light of Mercury
Of kite-thin white paper; of blue ivory.

Mute and silent now speak the tongues of stone
Now that the twilight and star-robed brotherhood of Ishon have melted into
fable

And none save the bright eyed demons wander the lanes of bone
Of Saturns alien blossom; of violet marble.

Once dim Ishon thrived beneath the veil of enchantment
Then did the glittering Theikon Smorrd murmured eight forgotten syllables,
deep within a shaded fantasy of sleep.
Then did proud Ishon fall to the madness of dark Neptune
And the creatures of chaos roamed free of nightmare.

And the crimson darkness enfolded Ishon within its gown
and there came the four score people of the cloud
unto Ishon.

By name there came Ridsi, the singer in the mist,
and also came Shesse of the three lanterns
and Habvix of the empty veins.

These, and seven and seventy of the black waiters descended
upon Ishon.

O Ishon, where once your triple-minded king held court
Now does Ridsi chant the unnatural liturgy of the seven alabaster
abominations.

Where once your drooling mouthed idols revelled in the flow of your amber
blood

Now do the four stalking nightwanderers squint blindly at the twelve suns.

O Ishon, your spires shatter with the harsh light of dawn.

O Ishon, the demons haunt the ruins of your splendour.

O Ishon, your spires shatter with the harsh light of dawn.

Alan Moore.

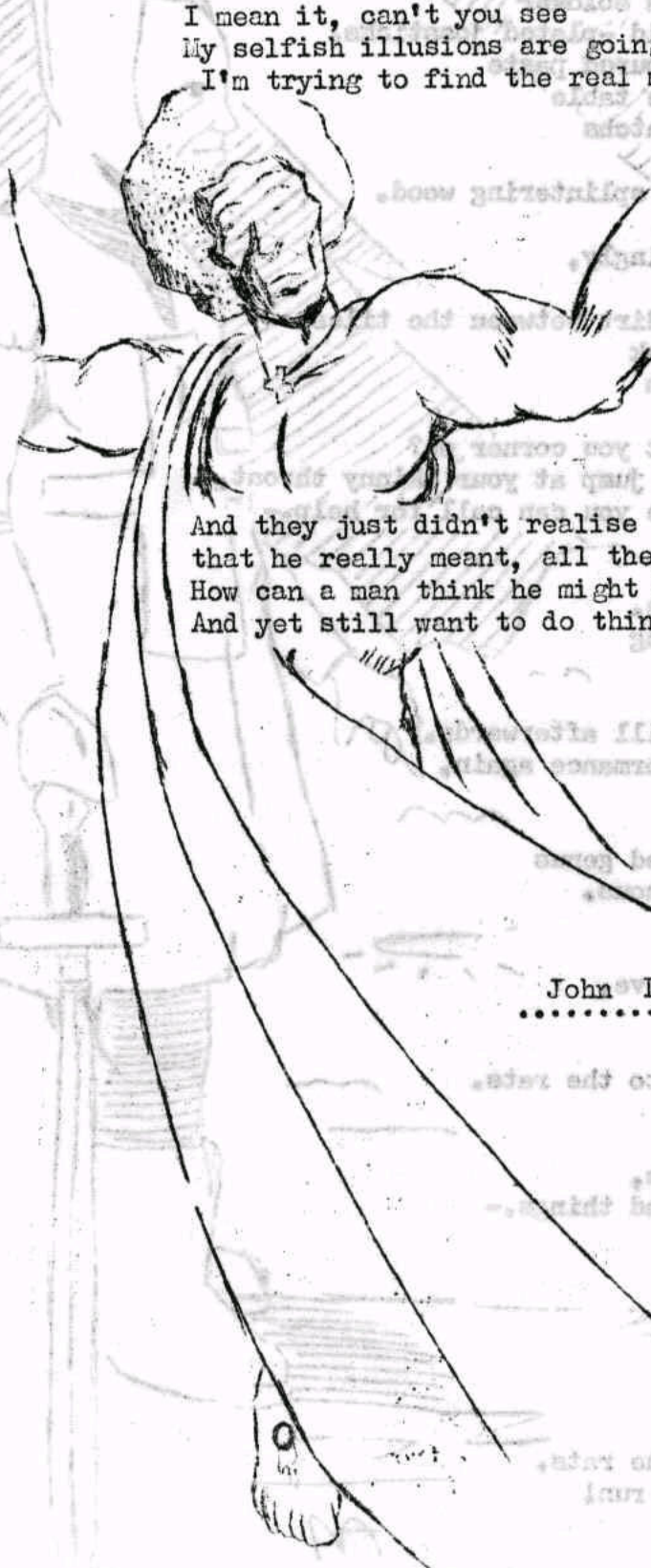
News Item No. 1

It has been reported that
Raquel Welch returned the Eiffel Tower
Within seven days,
Demanding her money back,
Having not been completely
Satisfied.....

Andy Cooper.
25/10/70

ALAN

And the mad man cried "Crucify me!"
For my deal is far too big
And they all thought he was mad
And his hair, a wig
But he followed this by saying
I mean it, can't you see
My selfish illusions are going
I'm trying to find the real me



Some laughed some cried
But no-one would understand
He found he was talking about anything
Anywhere he could make a stand
People began to condemn him
As a corrupter, a perverter of thoughts
Because he wanted them to be individuals too
And himself a loner, of sorts.

And they just didn't realise
that he really meant, all the things that he wanted to say
How can a man think he might be wrong
And yet still want to do things his way.

Eventually no-one could stand to hear
Opinions shouted so loud
So the man went away and crucified himself
Or maybe
just got lost in the crowd.....

John Lockett
.....

AN

SUICIDE.

A Crust of bread lies silently
on the once white, now yellow tablecloth.
It's edges turn upwards towards the sky,
still remembering how it used to stand,
straight and upright like a tin soldier
in the centre of an army of gold-plated josticks.
A knife smeared with putty-coloured paste
rocks gently on the edge of the table
as a bloated chocolate rat scratches
urgently at the leg,
leaving deep striations in the splintering wood.
It turns without warning
it's yellow fangs barred menacingly,
it's eyes gleam hungrily
while its claws scrape at the dirt between the tiles.
Those pools of desperation speak
silently to the shrivelled form
on the three-legged stool,
-Come on you old bag, why don't you corner me?
Go on corner me, just so I can jump at your skinny throat,
I'll rip out your larynx before you can call for help.-
The knife drops with a crash,
three-point turn,
flick of the tail and he's gone.
Rising, he kicks a dirty oil rag
in front of the hole,
not that that will stop them
but at least they won't come till afterwards.
-Blast Gertie, missed the performance again,
still lets clear up shall we? -
One good deed-
the preservation of the renowned genus
commonly known as, R.A.T.verminous.
The razor blade is rusty,
he makes a futile attempt at
cleaning it with his shirt sleeve,
not that it matters wether
he gets septicaemia now
but he should hate to give it to the rats.
Funny how that crimson pool
seems to brighten up the room,
-Oh it were just like Christmas,
what wi' all them red lights and things.-
Pale green and pink lights,
enveloped in warmth,
laughter ringing in his ears,
his laughter.
He was falling just like Alice
but the bottom never comes,
it's there but it runs away
faster and faster, away from the rats.
-I can see them coming I can't run!
They're too near
they're ripping off my flesh,

AM

gnawing at my bones
 cracking them with their teeth.
 Oh God they're all over me,
 they want my eyes,
 get them off me
 they're eating me alive,
 For God's sake save my eyes.....

Denise Treliwing.

NANTEOS. (NOV.70.)

birds and leaves
 there is no difference
 when the wind blows
 flocks of leaves
 falling birds
 carried in the sky
 today.

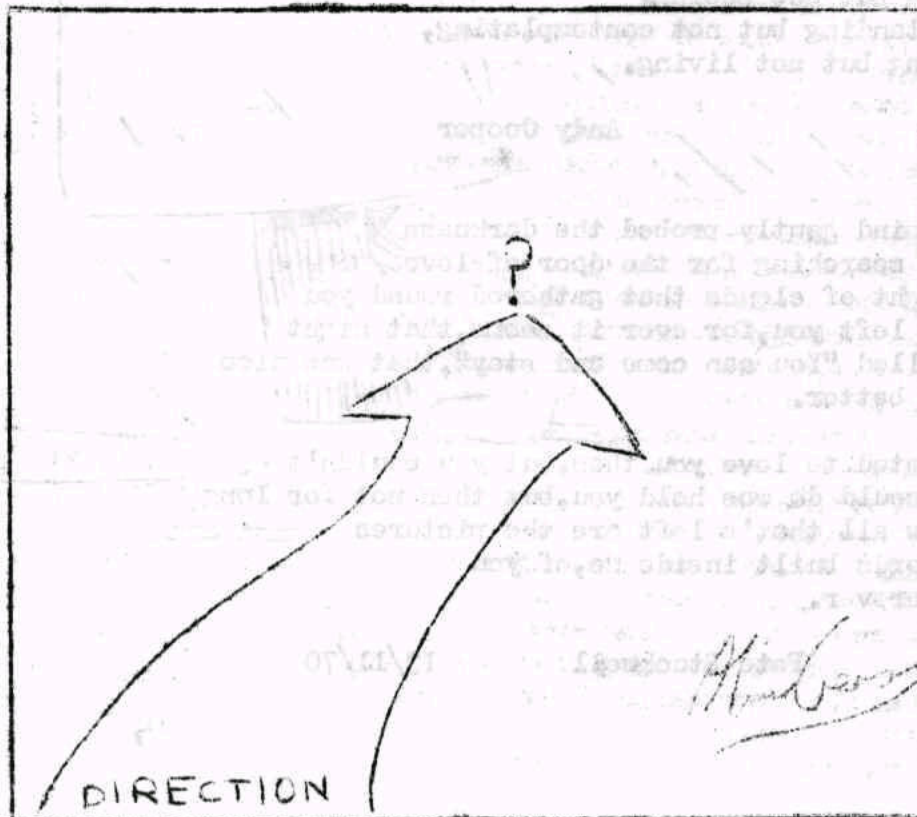
ALUN CROSS

DOLWYLM. (6 NOV 70)

fire burning
 red embers
 grey ash
 rain on
 the roof
 light breaking
 the wall
 could almost
 see the
 distance.

ALUN CROSS

DEFINITION.



SATURDAY

25/10/70

Dull,
Drab,
Monotonous hours flash by
Like undead tortoises
In funeral processions.

Cigarette butt follows cigarette butt
Into my mindless ashtray,
Which, if it had any sense
Would get up and walk away, protesting,
Hotly.

I make my way into town,
And drift into my friends,
And we talk,
And the time goes.

Outside our cocoon of conversation
Is a hurlyburly of rushing people
With jobs to do, things to buy, places to go,
And not time to stop and talk.

Apopleptic motorists maniacally honk
And roar their way up Abington St.,
Like G.T. Groundhog Jehus,
While I plough a morose furrow
Through the milling crowd,
Looking but not seeing,
Understanding but not contemplating,
Existing but not living.

Andy Cooper

As my mind gently probed the darkness
Whilst searching for the door of love
I thought of clouds that gathered round you
When I left you, for ever it seems, that night
You called "You can come and stay", that was nice
I felt better.

I'd wanted to love you then, but you couldn't
All I could do was hold you, but then not for long
But now all that's left are the pictures
Your words built inside me, of you
Gone forever.

Pete Stockwell

13/11/70



AM

Out between the planets, singing the shadowed tunes of Uramus
 And sliding through the siren song of Neptune, alone
 Amongst the nebulae, the half morning of Mercury whispering into
 The illuminated lips of Sirius, merging into earlyday
 Newyork emptystreet windmorning, the vast globe of the colliding planetoid
 Approaching above the skyscraperskyline...

BACK THROUGH THE MOONSHADOW I RUN, REALISING THAT YOU ARE STILL INSIDE
 AND THAT I AM THE ONLY ONE LEFT TO GET YOU OUT...

Alone in the coffeesteam solitude
 Of the midnight cafeteria, eyes misted and
 noiseless...

" IT'S COMING FROM THE VAN ALLEN BELT!

IT'S COMING FROM THE VAN ALLEN BELT!"

I have spilled my coffee. It dribbles like
 black and molten plastic into my lap.
 With a dull and lonely ache I realise that
 My planet is about to die.
 I am crying.

AS THE BIZARRE MULTICOLOUR COMICSTRIP ALIENS ENTERED THE SMOOTH
 YELLOW ROOM

IT AIMED MY RAYGUN AND FIRED...

Turning, I climbed into the collapsible car
 and headed for the airlock silence of
 the vacuum zone...

Grey and windwashed officebuilding corridors aching with tormented,
 Lonely not-light, empty moan of spacebreezes down dim and sterile
 newspaper flapping windrush corridors and with a sudden feeling of
 terror I realised that I was in the vacuum zone....

" WHERE AM I? WHAT SHIP IS THIS?"

" YOU ARE ABOARD THE TITANIC. WE ARE HEADING
 FOR CAPE RACE."

" BUT THIS SHIP WILL SINK.. 1600 PEOPLE LOST..."

" I KNOW..."

The captains face was powder white in the light of Aldebaran, and the
 Great steel lemming headed deeper and deeper into the twilight region...
 Into the vacuum zone...

IT WAS APRIL 14, 1912...

Just as the moon turned red I climbed
 Onto the freight car and headed for the
 Vacuum zone...

Kennedy smilewave, bulletskull and crucified angels along the road to
 Dallas.

The colliding planetoid is almost here. Is almost here. Is almost...

Electric-grey images of disasterflashing
 Like blindman feverdream
 Through the Saturnian cinema...
 Outside the gibbering and cheeping
 As the ghouls congregate

Already we are entering the vacuum zone. The moonshadow is growing larger..

ACROSS ALL THE AGES.

Looking out across the water
On the sleeping yellow sands
Where time lies naked on the
rocks with angel glands
There sits our blind hero
Taking pictures of a world
He knows not of or where it can be
As his lonely life is unfurled.

chorus: And across all the ages
Where no-one dare look back to see
There stood the men of nothing
who took everything for Free.

Inside in his towery castle
At last to the final homes
The ships of life come back to rest
What is left of their weary bones.
And outside in the misty sky
Reality reigns with Fear
And the sea of life struggles on
Unknowing of what is here.

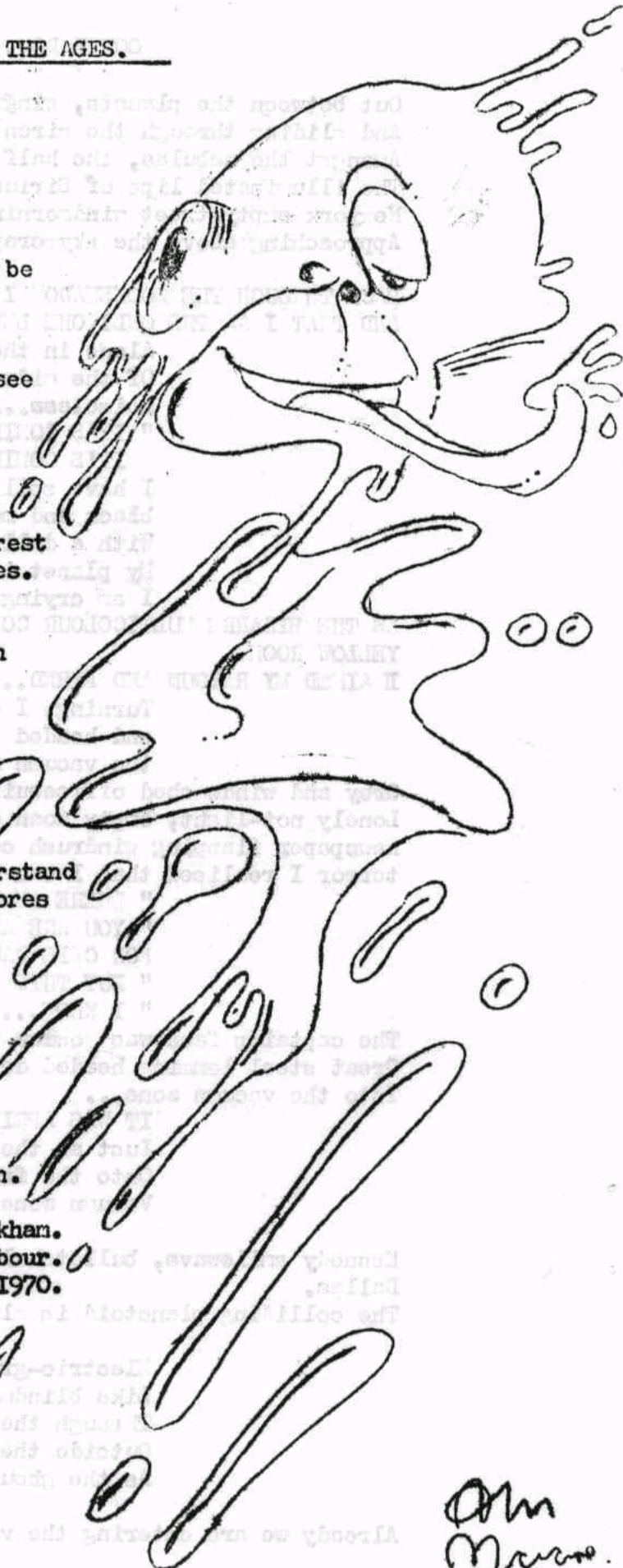
Upon the dreams of Athene
He has built his lasting rest
And beckons the waves of evil
To come and try his test
Yet the waves they avoid him
They fear what they cannot understand
And pick on poor defenceless shores
To crush them singlehand.

This guardian of life itself
Protects all that is not wrong
As his unseeing eyes can scan
Horizons where no man has gone
He does not need a weapon
His power is love alone
All that have been saved by him
Now realise the way he has shown.

Nigel Wickham.

Written on Portsmouth Harbour.

July 1970.



Am
Mure.

L'AUORE

Inch by inch, minute by minute,
The night slowly shrank;
Became lesser in degree,
Lost one more battle
Against the tantalising dawn.
Who could fail to succumb
To sweetly - painted promises
Of a brand-new day
Full of hope and glory?
To songs sung by a billion birds
Across the country?
To pink-tipped fluffy clouds
Softly pushing the unwanted traces
Of the night and yesterday away?
To the thought of a day
Full of hours to do everything?
Who could fail to succumb?
Not the night, not you, not I
God's gift to us—L'Aurore.

Megan Malone

LOVEPOEM No 2

Revised 25/10/70

So, there we stood,
And the man droned on
And I gazed out of the window,
Thinking of pleasures of the flesh,
And what I'd be doing all night,
When I saw your mother,
Glowering at me.
I half-turned, and gave her the V-sign.
I saw the contempt and doubt in her face
Turn to horror,
As she plunged forward to stop
The abomination about to be committed,
But,
It was too late!
We were married.

Andy Cooper



Handwritten signature

On the path
Where centuries have walked
We reach for the universe
of souls that pass among us
unheeded.

We hope we don't know where we are going
And we hope the colours are bright
But not the light
For that is what we want to be.

The happy smiling nowhere
kisses the sun
and sleeps within the trees
unheeded
the centuries walk round him
for he holds the everlasting gift
of peace.
A drowsy fleeing mind
holds the rail in this train
where often the stations are derelict
or replicas.

Finding another foothold
reluctantly guarding our feelings
and feeling that we should not need to.
Hoping to find less than those who show all.

Each moving along the path
Where centuries have walked
Each trying not to be part of the universe
of souls that pass among us
unheeded.

John Lockett
.....

THE BIRD.

The animal that confronts you
is made of rubber and iron.
it is noisy and
weary of the quiet
With you it clanks
through each rigid day
like a hole burnt in
an old photograph.

Alone it resembles a bird
its ankle snapped
by a chain of ash
its beak
blunt from pecking
at the sky.

Just think the day may come,
when natural green
as a colour no longer exists
When windy days, no longer just
bring chills,
but radio-active dust to
choke the crysalis.
Just think the day may come.

Michael Anderson.

ALUN CROSS

Then, all of a sudden, it was winter
And it seemed that overnight
The world had died.

The trees, standing bare,
Like huge stiff spider-webs against the sky,
Or like go-go dancers, frozen in the midst
Of their suede-fringe gyrations.

And the fields of dull brown earth,
With seagulls, circling, landing,
Digging out sparse nourishment
From the tired soil.

The sheep, like sacks on legs,
Immobile, grazing on the tufty
Yellowing waste, that was once
The cool green pool of summer's goodness.

The sky is unbelievably blue,
The colour of Manchester City football shirts,
And the sunlight seems so brittle and harsh,
That it could be cut with a knife,
Or shattered by the slightest blow.

The trees are like dull grey branch coral,
The hedges like small brown animals,
All in a line,
Hunched up against the cold,
Twig-tufts of fur protruding.

The pylons encased,
Warm in their steel leggings,
And laughing at the mortal world around them.

Passing through villages where wise old
Northamptonshire stone barns are glowing,
Melting the air around them,
Extracting the last warmth from the sun,
Stockpiling for the winter.

My destination reached,
I step from the artificially warm,
Petrol-tainted fug of the car,
Scenting the cold stench of winter,
And shuddering inwardly as I do so.

Andy Cooper

AN

(THIS FOLLOWING PIECE IS ONE OF THE LAST WRITTEN WORKS OF LEON TROTSKY. AS AN EXCEPTIONAL PIECE OF WRITING IT IS SELF-EXPLANATORY. IT ALSO MIGHT BE WORTH MENTIONING THAT A SHORT WHILE AFTER THE WRITING, TROTSKY DIED, AN ICE PICK IN HIS HEAD..)

TROTSKY'S TESTAMENT.

My high and still rising blood pressure is deceiving those near me about my actual condition. I am active and able to do work but the outcome is evidently near. These lines will be made public after my death.

I have no need to refute here again the vile and stupid slander of Stalin and his agents; there is not a single spot on my revolutionary honour. I have never entered, either directly or indirectly, into any behind-the-scenes agreements with the enerys of the working-class. Thousands of Stalin's opponents have fallen victims of false accusations similarly. The new revolutionary generations will rehabilitate their political honour and deal with the Kr emlin executioners according to their deserts.

I thank warmly the friends who remained loyal to me through the most difficult hours of my life . I do not name anyone in particular because I cannot name them all.

However, I consider myself justified in making an exception in the case of my companion, Natalia Ivanhova Sedova. In addition to the happiness of being a fighter for the cause of socialism, fate gave me the happiness of being her husband. During the almost 40 years of our life together she remained an inexhaustible source of love, magnanimity, and tenderness. She underwent great sufferings, especially in the last period of our lives. But I find some comfort in the fact that she also knew days of happiness.

For 43 years of my conscious life I have remained a revolutionary; for 42 of them I have fought under the banner of Marxism. If I had to begin all over again I would try to avoid this or that mistake, of course, but the main course of my life would remain unchanged. I shall die a proletarian revolutionary, a Marxist, a dilectical materialist, and, consequently, an irreconcilable atheist. My faith in the communist future of mankind is not less ardent, indeed it is firmer today than it ever was in the days of my youth.

Natalia has just come up to the window from the courtyard and opened it wide so that the air may enter more freely into my room. I can see the bright green strip of grass beneath the wall, and the clear blue sky above the wall, and sunlight everywhere. Life is beautiful. Let the future generations cleanse it of all evil, oppression and violence, and enjoy it to the full.

FEBRUARY 27, 1940. COYOACAN, MEXICO.

hour 1

the straw man bends carefully
to the circles edge
expressionless straw glances
hands drawing delicate lines
in air.

hour 3

people dancing below
music
of smiles
electric
freedom.

hour 5

incense drift
over a stream
the people have gone
the diamond
broken.

hour 7

blood sand diamond water
moses of straw
float past
hands waving liquid
farewells.

hour 2

see beyond to a large
diamond
crushed out of air
by the movement of thought.

hour 4

movement of thought
eye behind eye
we knew all this
before.

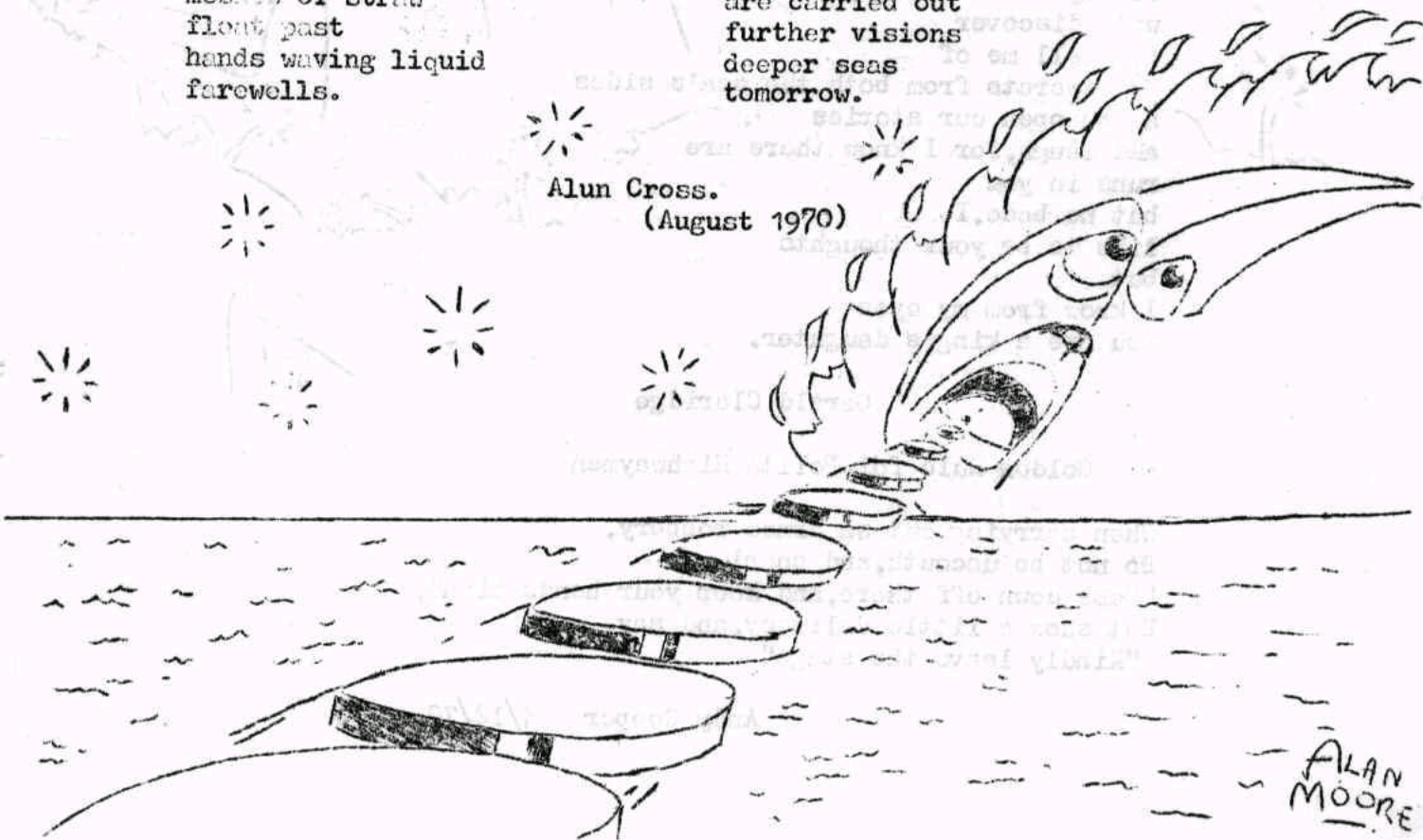
hour 6

diamond cracking into water
running
through veins
earth
red sand.

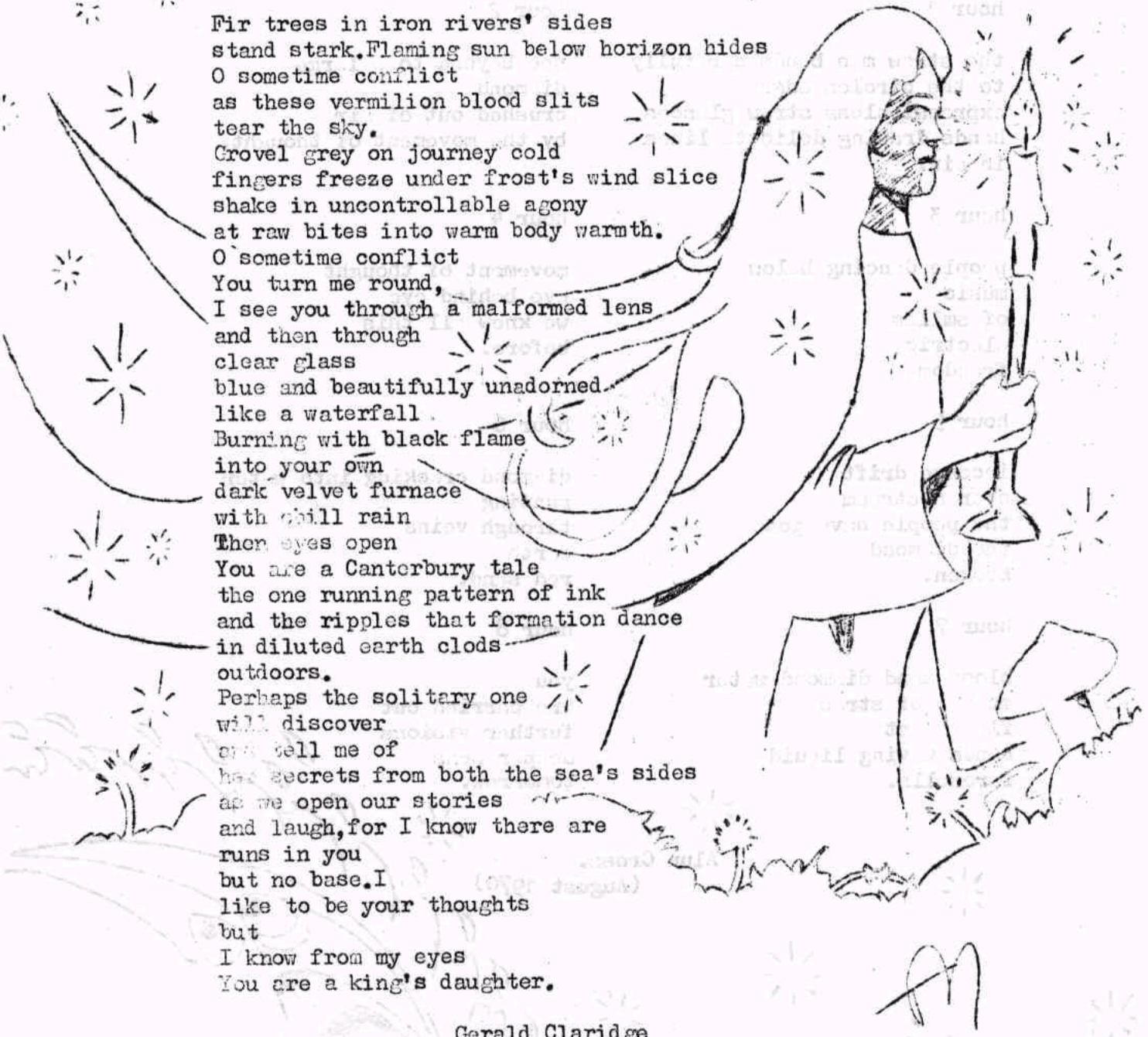
hour 8

you
are carried out
further visions
deeper seas
tomorrow.

Alun Cross.
(August 1970)



"Fir Trees in Iron Rivers' Sides"



Fir trees in iron rivers' sides
stand stark. Flaming sun below horizon hides
O sometime conflict
as these vermilion blood slits
tear the sky.
Grovel grey on journey cold
fingers freeze under frost's wind slice
shake in uncontrollable agony
at raw bites into warm body warmth.
O sometime conflict
You turn me round,
I see you through a malformed lens
and then through
clear glass
blue and beautifully unadorned.
like a waterfall.
Burning with black flame
into your own
dark velvet furnace
with chill rain
Then eyes open
You are a Canterbury tale
the one running pattern of ink
and the ripples that formation dance
in diluted earth clods
outdoors.
Perhaps the solitary one
will discover
and tell me of
her secrets from both the sea's sides
as we open our stories
and laugh, for I know there are
runs in you
but no base. I
like to be your thoughts
but
I know from my eyes
You are a king's daughter.

Gerald Claridge

Golden Rule for Polite Highwaymen

When carrying out an armed robbery,
Do not be uncouth, and snarl,
"Come down off there, and keep your hands high",
But show a little delicacy, and say,
"Kindly leave the stage"

Andy Cooper 4/12/70

Sinking

Weiriling down a long, long hole with yellow mushrooms flying around you is quite a way to spend a few idle moments. You ought to try it sometime, after all you never know what lies at the bottom of the hole.... if there is a bottom.

Just let your limbs go light and your head go hazy and sink and sink. Drift through pink clouds with crimson edges, be warmed by a brilliant yellow sun and cooled by an icy pale moon.

Ships and galleons, stormy seas and drowning sailors, all are whisked by as you steadily sink towards the pit, the very depth of the deep black hole.

Monotonous, isn't it?

Thump.... You hit the bottom and let out a glorified yell, 'careful! or you'll awake the baby.'

A few seconds of shooting stars give way to reasonable sanity. Some place.... Everywhere is pitch black except for a switch which hovers around carefully avoiding your grasp.

Eventually, 'click' the place lights up. Not a normal daytime or electric sort of light, but flashes of purples, oranges, yellows, greens.

Talking of oranges, a whole troop of apples go marching past with grins all over their rosy faces, - that is, if a Granny Smith has a face.

Apples give way to a rocking chair, how on earth will you ever get out of this hole?

It becomes invaded with flying cocktail sticks being thrown by a Saxon design cruet set, which should by rights be at home in your dining room.

Crazy, isn't it so far?

The world at the bottom of the hole continues to shake itself up in this way for some time, then the top of another hole comes walking towards you.

With a dive any swimmer would be proud to have, you plunge headlong into the claustrophobic darkness.

It stifles your breathing, stiffens your limbs, dulls your brain and an incredible ringing shatters the heavy silence.

One alarm, one person the wrong way down the bed, and another Monday morning.

Megan Malone.

Deathshead

I told you last night
there are moths upon Saturn
that fly lazily
through the roof gardens there

I told you last night that the sun
dies each evening
and that
god dies each morning
But you didn't care.

I told you the words
that might call up Asmodeus
I wrote out the score
for the ghosts of Japan.

Its' white butterfly light
didn't seem to console me
didn't take me back away
Before we began.

You told me the death rate
in various places
and said that moths
would die on Saturn anyway.

Thus adding to Saturn's particular deathrate
But I'd rather lose you than the moths
I ran away.

And all the while the piper was calling
to say it was too late
that my mouth had been filled with dead kisses and soot

that night, as I walked through the dark streets
of Saturn
the bodies of moths fell and broke underfoot

Rain 29/11/70

Rain,
Beating against the
Window-panes,
Like 43 consecutive,
Tirry,
Drum solos.

Andy Cooper

Alan Moore

The whole town had been stirred
They all started to write
They got up and scribbled
In the middle of the night
The elders had been shocked,
Their tongues wagged disapproval,
They ordered that some certain words
Should have a hasty removal,
But the writers stuck it out
And their pens scratched in the night
After all what did it matter?
Because they believed they were right.
Megan Malone

EYELIDS.

The non-political person asked the "politico":
 'What makes you tick? Why?'
 The "politico" replied,
 'Everytime a baby is born, the first thing it does, instinctively,
 is to open it's mouth and cry. The second thing it should do, instinctively,
 is to open it's eyelids---but not many get that far.'

Soulless supermarket shelves;
 Stashed underground graineries.

People vegetating, dead and dying
 people in love with shit and lying;
 People with their freedom in love
 people working for ideals not from above.

Centrally-heated, fully-furnished
 slick, shic, shiny semis
 engrossed in glass and plastic;
 Bamboo-walled and unfloored.
 Paradise lost and lured,
 festering homes-cum-slums.

Bastardised, bronze babies
 vibrating with vitamins,
 meticulous mother's meals,
 obsessed with obesity,
 perambulating in the park,
 snoozing in the smog;
 Orcus' oriental orphans
 maddened, muted, mutilated,
 obese with worry
 obscene with sickness
 rotten with rickets
 ravaged with riches.

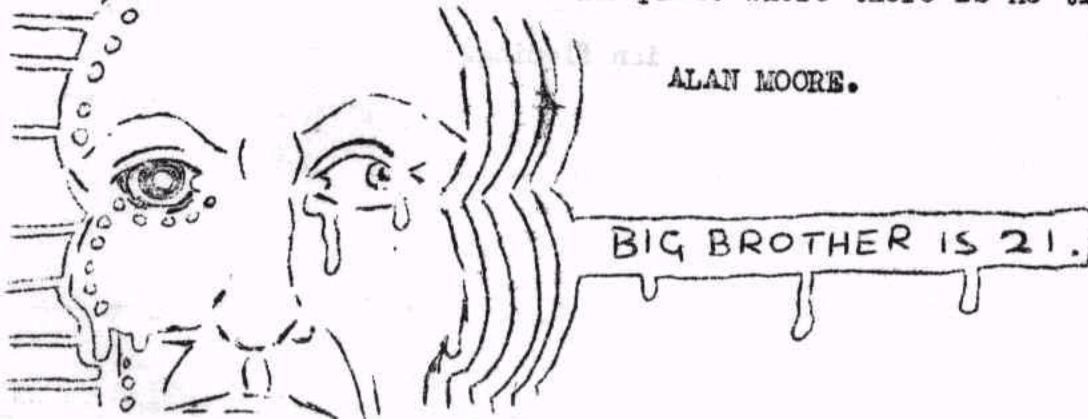
ian Fleming.



MINISTRY OF LOVE.

" I will mee t you in a place where there is no darkness."
In the black corridors of the future the echoes of the final footsteps
have not yet died, and
In the place where there is no darkness there is no light.
I turned, and with a feeling of orchestral glory
Headed for the building with no windows.
In the place where there is no darkness there are no people,
And the blank automata have inherited the morning.
Echoes of machineguns blow with torn posters across the curfew- emptied
afterdark streets, and
In the place where there is no darkness there is no hope.
The cold embrace of the restraining jackets, the kiss of the hypodermic.
In the ministry of love the computers are copulating,
A nd the se nsual eye of the telescreen winka wantonly at the condemned man.
In the place where there is no darkness there is no tomorrow.
The clicking of the steel capped boots over the metal floor,
And in the dim light of Auschwitz '80 the gun bar rels are writing poems
On the pock marked walls.
In the place where there is no darkness there are no priests,
No last meals, no last miles.
No final heroic smiles.
A nd the walls have eyes as well as ears.
I will meet you in a place where there is no darkness
In a sterilised purgatory of indifferent walls,
And men who would weep themselves to sleep at night
If there were any night, for
In the place where there is no darkness there are no dreams.
And the muffled, soundproofed screams.
In the ministry of love
There are all questions and no answers.
All gaurds and no prisoners.
All corridors and no rooms.
No reprieves at the last minute.
No minutes and all years.
All notices with no words.
All coming and no going,
With doors that only open one way.
All men and no people.
All corpses and no martyrs,
And we will never meet in the place where there is no time to.

ALAN MOORE.



Am

The River (A Song)
.....

The evening shadows through the ruined castle flow
Like waters rippling on the grass below
The image of a battlefield in tapestry is hanging in the town
And I'm wondering to go and look around
And a boat on the river takes the evening in its shallows
going home,
And the songs to the morning are to come again.

The hills and the mountains are mine to roam,
And the leaves on the autumn trees are all flown
And the bleating of the sheep in the morning is the song of the day,
As I turn around, and look for things to say.
And a fair-haired lady is walking down the road.
Only I can feel the load on her mind.

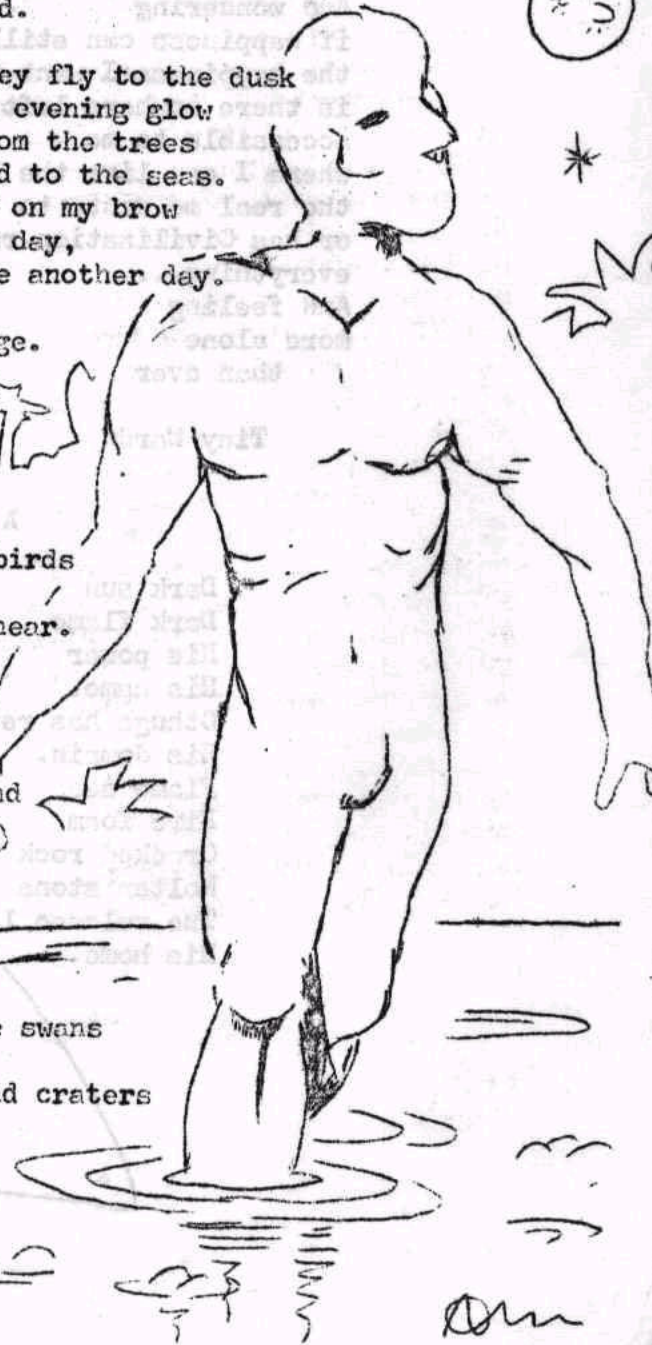
There are birds on the river and they fly to the dusk
That's settling in mist in the cool evening glow
The images of years are gathered from the trees
And taken on the river to be carried to the seas.
And a smile from the sunset settles on my brow
I'll be coming to the river another day,
But I doubt if, in fact, there'll be another day.

Gerald Claridge.

The Swans of the Moon.
.....

The men of the North and the ice
No longer believe
That their pure, white, majestic birds
Fly away to the moon
When the sharp days of winter draw near.
But perhaps a few still fly off
From some snow-capped mountain
Or slippery, glassy iceberg
To the round autumn moon
Who waits yearly for the gentle sound
Of their snowy feathers
Quietly pushing their way
Through the stars.
Perhaps in some far off igloo
An Eskimo child still dreams
Of the white Whooper swans,
And maybe he even believes it is the swans
Who pale the moon in winter
As they nestle in its rocky crags and craters
Covering the hard greyness
With their soft, white down.

Megan Malone.



Alone

Sitting quietly,
painfully alone
in the deserted garden
except for my thoughts
and a drink to console them....
nearby
people singing car-doors slamming
a bus rumbles in the distance....

And thinking
how peaceful it could be
on this planet spinning relentlessly
in the eternity of space
And wondering
if happiness can still be found
the happiness I want to find....
is there nowhere left
accessible to me
where I can live the life that
the real me wants to
or has Civilization ruined
everything....
And feeling
more alone
than ever

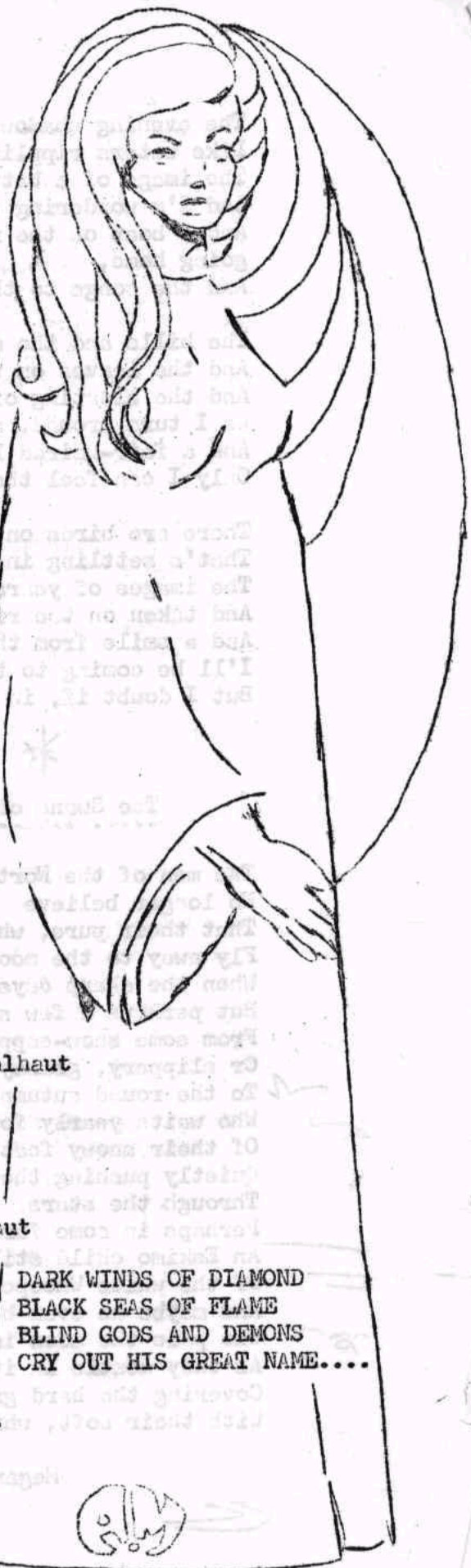
Tiny Ward

A VOICE OF FLAME.

Dark sun
Dark flame
His power
His name.
Cthuga has returned from Formalhaut
His domain.
Flame sea
Fire foam
Cracked rock
Molten stone
The volcano lord from Formalhaut
His home.

DARK WINDS OF DIAMOND
BLACK SEAS OF FLAME
BLIND GODS AND DEMONS
CRY OUT HIS GREAT NAME....

Alan Moore.



Twenty three fisher-wives
weep crystal tears on the glassy shore.
Black shawls of mourning
envelope anxious brows.
Gaping fish lay rotting
in stagnant pools of slime.
Weather-beaten knuckles and wrinkles
ingrained with salt,
eyes of jet squint
fearfully in the ominous night,
that is day to others.

A piece of wood
with blistered tar
plays like a child in the shallows.
A rubber shoe,
ripped and laughing
its' tongue hanging out.

Black reflections in the trapped and forgotten puddles
Grim like drowning madmen, leering through chipped
tombstone teeth

The dental dead.....
After the seaweed has claimed the corpses
and the starfish go back to the stars
Only the dead gulls are left,
Festering in the grey morning.

And Icarus is choking in a pool of molten wax

In the ebony shadow of the battered hull
A fire, giving up to the rain.
Accusing codseyes, unblinking in the moon
after the oysters sink screaming into the mire
stare blindly at a drowning merman, mouth crammed with sand
and all was silent upon resurrection beach.

Only the fisher-wives waiting
For the great beast of revelations.....

The crayfish have inherited the morning.....

Denise Treliving and Alan Moore

KENT LEISURE

OH...
KENT LEISURE
SERVICES...
ALL ENTERTAINMENT
PROBLEMS SOLVED!

